



There after fo-  
loweth a litle boke  
whyche hathe to  
name, whye come  
ye not to Courte.

Compyled by may-  
ster Skelton Po-  
ete Laure-  
ate.







**A**ll noble mē of this take heed  
and beleue it as your Crede.

**T**o hastye of sentence  
To feare for none offence  
To scarce of your expence  
To large in neglygence  
To slacke in recompence  
To haue in excellence  
To lyght intelligence  
And to lyght in credence  
Where these kepe residence  
Reason is banished thence  
And also dame prudence  
With sober patience

All noble men. &c.

Than without collusion  
Marke well thys conclusion  
Through such abusion  
And by such illusion  
Unto great confusion  
A noble man may fall  
And his honoure appall  
And if ye thynke thys shall  
Not rubbe you on the gall  
Than the deuyl take all. &c.

*Hec vates ille, de quo loquitur in ille*

*A. ii.*

*Whi*

**W**hy come ye not to court?

**F**orage is a page  
For the court full bntmeete  
For age cannot rage

No: baffe her sweete sweete

But whan age seeth that rage  
Dothe alwage and refrayne  
Than wyl age haue a corage  
To come to court agayne

But

Delas, sage ouerage  
To madly decays  
That age for dottage  
Is recouered now a dayes  
Thus age graunt domage  
Is nothyng set by  
And rage in a rerage  
Doth renne lamentably.

So

That rage must make pillage  
To catche that catche may  
And wyth such forage  
Hunte the baskage

That

that hartes wyl runne awoye  
Bothe Hartes and bindes  
With all good mindes  
Farewell, than haue good day

**I** Than haue good day a dew  
For defaute of rescue  
Some men may happely reue  
And theyr heades meue  
The time dothe faste enue  
That bales begin to breue  
I drede by swete Iesu  
This tale wyl be to treue  
In fayth dicken thou creue.

In fayth dicken, thou creue. &c.

**D** Icken, thou creue doutles  
For truelye to expresse  
There hath be much exces  
With banketyng braynlesse  
With ryoting rechles  
With gambaudyng thyrftles  
With spend, and waste wittles

A.iii.

trea.



Treating of truce restlesse  
Waryng for peace peaslesse  
They countryng at Tales  
Wrange vs on the wales  
These Councelour was careles  
Gronyng grouching graceles  
And to none entent  
Our talwood is al bzent  
Our fagottes are al spent  
We may blow at the cole  
Our mare hath cast her sole  
And mocke hath lost her shoo  
What may we do ther too  
An end of an old song  
Do right and no wrong  
As right as a rammes horne  
For thrist is threde bare worne  
Our shepe are shrewdlye shorne  
And trouthe is al to torne  
Wisdome is laught to icorne  
Fauel is false for worne  
Fauel is nobly borne  
Hapel and Haruy haster

Jacke

Jacke Truell and Cole crafter  
We shal heare moze hereafter  
With pollyng and chaupnge  
With bozowng and craupng  
With reuung and raung  
With swearing and staring  
There bayleth no reasonyng  
For wyl doth rule al thing  
wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl,  
He ruleth alway styl  
Good reason and good skyl  
They may garlike pyl  
Carry sackes to the mil  
O: pescoddes they may mil  
O: els go roste a stone  
There is no man but one  
That hath the strokes alone  
Be it blacke o: white  
All that he dothe is right  
As right as a Cammoche croked  
Thys bil wel ouer looked  
Clerely perceiue we may  
There went the hate away

The

the hare, the fox the Gray  
the hart, the hinde, the bucke  
God send vs better lucke.

**G**od sende vs better lucke. &c

**T**wa Andrew, twit Scot  
Ge heme, ge scour thy pot  
For we haue spent our shot

We shall haue a tot quot  
from the hope of Rome  
to weaue all in one lome  
A webbe of Lylse wolce  
Opus male dulce  
the deuill kisse his cule  
For whyles he doth rule  
Allis warse and warse  
the deuyl kysse his arse  
For whether he blesse or curse  
It can not be much worse  
from Baumbetow to bothābar  
we haue cast bp oure war  
And made a worthy truse  
wyth gup leuel fuse

**O**ur



Our money madly lent  
And more madly spent  
From Croydon to Kent  
Wrote ye whither they went?  
From winchellsy to Rye  
And all not worthe a flye  
From wentbridge to Hull  
Our army waxeth dull  
With turne all home agayne  
And neuer a scot slayne  
yet the good Erle of Surray  
the french men he doth fray  
And vexeth them day by day  
With all the power he maye  
the frenche men he hath fainted  
And made their herts attainted  
Of cheualry he is the flour  
Our Lord be his succoure  
the french men he hath so mated  
And their courage abated  
that they are but halfe men  
Like fores in their den  
Like cankerd cowardes all

Lyke

Like beens in a stone walle  
They kepe them in their holdes  
Lyke hen herted cokoldes

But yet they ouer shoote vs  
With crownes and with scutus  
with Scutes & crownes of gold  
I drede we are bought and solde  
It is a wonders marke  
They shoote all at one marke  
At the Cardinals hat  
They shote all at that  
Out of their stronge towones  
Thei shote at him with crownes  
With crownes of gold enblased  
They make him so a mased  
And his eye so dased  
That he ne see can  
To know God nor man  
He is set so hye  
In his Jerarchy  
Of frantike frenesy  
And folys fantasy

That

That in the chambze of sters  
Al matters there he mars  
Clapping his rod on the borde  
No man dare speake a word  
For he hath all the saying  
Without any renaying  
He colleth in his recordes  
He sayth, how say ye my lordes?  
Is not my reason good  
Good cuin good Robin hood  
Some say yes. And some  
Sit styll as they were dome  
Thus thwarting ouer thome  
He ruleth al the roste  
With bragging and with bofte  
Borne vp on euery side  
With pompe and with pryde  
With trompe vp alleluya  
For dame Philargerya  
Hath so his bart in hold  
He loueth nothyng but gold  
And Almodeus of hel  
Maketh his membles swel  
With



With Dallyda to mell  
That wanton damsell

A dew Philosophia  
A dew theologia  
Welcome dame Simonia  
With dame Castrimergia  
to drynke and for to eate  
Sweet Apocras & swete meate  
to kepe his fleche chaste  
In lente for a repaste  
He eateth Capons stewed  
Felaunt, and Partriche mewen  
Hennes, chickens and pigges  
He foynes and he frigges  
Spareth neither mayd ne wyfe  
this is a postels life

Helas my hart is soyy  
to tel of vayne gloyy  
But now vpon this floyy  
I wyl no further time  
tyl another time

¶ Tyl another time.

what

**W**hat newes what newes  
Small newes the true is  
That be worth two kues  
But at the naked stews  
I vnderstande howe that  
The sygne of the Cardynall hat  
That Iune is now hit vp  
With gup whose gup, nowe gup  
Gup William Trauillian  
With iast you I say Iulian  
Wyl ye beare no coles  
A mainy of marefoles  
That occupy their holes  
Full of pocky moles.  
What heare ye of Lancashire  
They were not payd theyr hyre  
They are fell as any fyre  
What heare ye of Cheshire  
They haue layde all in the myre  
They grudge and sayde  
Theyr wages were not payde  
Some sayde they were afrayde  
Of the Scottishe hoste

fo:

For all their crake and bofte  
Wilde fire and thunder  
For all this worldly wonder  
A hundred myle a funder  
They were when they were next  
That is a true text

What heare ye of the Scottes  
They make vs all fottes  
Dopping folyshe dawes  
They make vs topyll strawes  
They play their old pranks  
After huntly bankes  
At the streame of Banokes burne  
They did vs a chereode turne  
When Edward of Barnaruan  
Lost all that his father wan

What here ye of the lord Dakers  
He maketh vs Jacke rakers  
He sayes we are but crakers  
He calleth vs England men  
Stronge harted lyke an hen  
For the Scottes and he



To wel they do agree  
With do thou for mee  
And I shal do for thee  
Whiles the red hat doth endure  
he makerh him self cocke sure  
The red hat with his lure  
Byngeth al thinges vnder cure

But as the world now goole  
what heare ye of the Lord Rolo  
Nothyng to purpose

Not worth a cockly fose

Their hertes be in their hose

The Erle of Northumberland

Dare take nothing on hand

Our barons be so bolde

Into a mouse hole they wold

Runne away and creep

Like a mainy of sheep

Dare not loke out a dur

for bryde of the maystife cur

for bryde of the bouchers dog

wold wirry them like an hog

for and this curre do gnar

they

They must stande all a far  
To holde vp their hand at y<sup>e</sup> bar  
For all their noble bloude  
He pluckes them by the hood  
And takes them by the eare  
And bring them in such feare  
He bayteth them lyke a beate  
Lyke an oxe or a bul  
Thei wittes he sayth are dul  
He sayth they haue no brayne  
Thei estate to maintaine  
And make to bowe their knee  
Besore his maiestee.

Judges of the kinges lawes  
He countes them foles & dawes  
Sergeauntes of the coysse  
He sayeth they are to seke  
In pleating of their case  
At the commune place  
Or at the kinges benche  
He woxingeth the such a woxe  
That al our learned men

Dare

Dare not set theyr penne  
To plete a true tryall  
Within westminster hall  
In the chauncery where he sittes  
But suche as he admittes  
None so hardy to speake

He sayth, thou huddypeake  
Thy learning is to lewd  
Thy tounge is not well thewde  
To seekes befoze our grace  
And openly in that place  
He rages and he raues  
And calles them cakerd knaues  
Thus royally he doth deale  
Under the kinges brode seale  
And in the checker he the checks  
In dster chabze he nods & becks  
And beareth him there so stout  
That no man dare rout  
Duke, Earle, Baron, nor Lord  
But to his sentence must accord  
Whether he be knight or squyer  
All men must folow his desyre

B.i. What



What say ye of the Scottis king  
That is another thing  
He is but an yongling  
A tall worthy striplyng  
He is a whispring & a whipling  
He should be hither brought  
But and it were well fought  
I trow all wil be nought  
Not worth a whittel cocke  
Nor worth a soure calstocke

There goeth many a lye  
Of the duke of Albany  
That of should go his head  
And brought in quicke or dead  
And all Scotland oures  
the maintenance of two houres  
But as some men sayn  
I drede of some false trayn  
Subtelly wrought shalbe  
Under a fained treatie  
But within monethes thre  
Men may happely see

The

The trechery, and the pranks  
Of the Scottische bankes

What heare ye of Burgonids  
And the Spanyardes Onions?  
They haue slain our Englishms  
Aboue thre scoze and ten  
For al your amitee

No better they agree  
God saue my Lord Admirall

What heare ye of Muttrel?  
There wyth I dare not mel  
Yet what heare ye tell  
Of our graund counsel?

I could say some what  
But speake ye no more of that  
For drede of the red hat  
Take peper in the nose

For than thyne head of gose  
Of by the hard arse

But there is some trauars  
Betwene some and some  
That makes our sire to glum  
It is some what wrong

B. li.

that

That his berde is so long  
He morneth in blacke clothing  
I pray god saue the king  
Where euer he go or ride  
I pray God be his gide  
Thus wil I conclude my stle  
And fall to rest a while

And so to rest a while. &c.

**P**erce yet agayne  
Of you I wold fraine  
why come ye not to courte

To which court?

To the kinges court

Or to Hampton court?

Ray to the kinges court

The kinges court

Should haue the excellence

But hampton court

Hath the preeminence

And yorke place

With my Lordes grace

To whose magnifcence



Is all the confluence  
Sutes and supplications  
Embassades of all nacjons  
Straw for law can on  
O: for the law common  
O: for lawe ciuill  
It shall be as he wyll  
Stop at law tancrete  
An abstract o: a concrete  
Be it soure be it sweete  
His wil dome is so discrete  
That in a lume o: an hete  
Warden of the flete  
Set him fast by the fete  
And of his royal poure  
Whan him list to loure  
Than haue him to the toure  
Saunz aulter remedy  
Haue him forth by and by  
To the marshally  
O: to the kinges benche  
he diggeth so in the trench  
Of the court royall

That

That he ruleth them all  
So he dothe vndermynde  
And suche sleighthes dothe fynde  
That the kinges mynde  
By him is subuerted  
And so streightly coarted  
In credenssing his tales  
That all is but nutshales  
That any other sayth  
He hath in hym such faith

Now, yet al this myght be  
Suffered and taken in gree  
If that, that he wrought  
To any good end wer brought  
But all he byyngeth to nought  
By God that me deare bought  
He beareth the king on hand  
That he must pyl his land  
To make his cofers ryche  
But he layeth al in the dyche  
And vseth such abusyon  
That in the conclusion

All commeth to confusyon  
Perceiue the cause whye  
to tell the trouth plainlye  
he is so ambitious

So shameles, and so vicious  
And so superstitious

And so much obliuious  
From whens that he came  
that he falleth into Acisiam  
Which truely to expresse

Is a forgetfulness  
Or wylful blindnes  
Wherwith the Sodomites  
Lost their inward sightes

The gommozians also  
were brought to deadly wo  
As scripture recordes.

A cecitate cord is  
In the latyn synge we  
Libera nos Domine

But this mad Amalecke  
Like to Amamelek  
he regardeth Lordes

B.iii.

Ro



More than pot thordes  
he is in suche elacion  
Of his exaltacion  
And the supportacion  
Of our soueraine Lorde  
That God to recorde  
he ruleth al at wyl  
without reason or skyl  
how be it they be pzymordyal  
Of hys wretched orygynall  
And his base progeny  
And his gresy genealogy  
he came of the sanke roial (stal  
that was cast oute of a bouchers

But howe euer he was bozne  
Men would haue the lesse scorn  
If he could consyder  
his byrth and rowme together  
And call to his mynde  
how noble and how kinde  
To hym he hath founde  
Our souerayne lord, chief graund  
of

Of all thys prelacy  
And set hym nobly  
In great aucthorite  
Out from a low degre  
Which he can not see  
For he was parde  
No doctor of deuinitie  
No doctor of the law  
No of none other saw  
But a poze maister of arte  
God wot had little part  
Of the Quatriuials  
No yet of triuials  
No of philosophye  
No of philology  
No of good pollicy  
No of Astronomy  
No acquainted worth a fly  
With honourable haly  
No with royall Ptholomy  
No with Albumasar  
Corre ate of any star  
Fyrt or els mobil

hys

His latin tounge dothe hobbyl  
He doth but clout and cobbel  
In tullis facultie  
Called humanitie  
Yet proudly he dare pretend  
How no man can him amend  
But haue ye not heard this  
How an one eyed man is  
Well sighted, when  
He is amonge blynd men.

**T**han our proces for to stable  
this man was ful vnable  
to reche to such degree  
had not our Prince be  
Royall henry the eyght  
take him in such conceyte  
that he set him on heyghe  
In exemplifying  
Great Alexander the king  
In writing as we finde  
Which of his royal minde  
And of his noble pleasure

fran



Transcending out of measure  
Thought to do a thyng  
That pertayneth to a king  
to make bp one of nought  
And made to him be brought  
A wretched poxe man  
Which his liuing man  
With planting of Leekes  
By the dayes and by the weekes  
And of this poxe bassal  
He made a kyng royal  
And gaue him a realme to rule  
that occupyed a howel  
A mattoke, and a spade  
Befoze that he was made  
A kyng, as I haue told  
And ruled as he wold  
Such is a kynges power  
to make within an howe  
And worke such a miracle  
that shalbe a spectacle  
Of renoume and worldly fame  
In likewise now the same  
Cardinal

Cardinall, is promoted  
yet with lewd condicions noted  
As hereafter bene noted

Presumpcion and vain gloze  
Enuy, wrath, and lechery  
Couetes, and gluttony  
Slouthfull to do good  
Now frantike, now starke wode

Shuld this man of such mode  
Rule the swerde of myght  
how can he do right  
For he wyll as soone smight  
his freend, as his foe  
A prouerbe longe ago

Set vp a wretche on hye  
In a trone triumphantly  
Make him a great estate  
And he wyl play checke mate  
With royall maiestee  
Count him self as good as he  
A prelate potenciall  
To rule vnder Bellyall

As ferce and as cruell  
As the feende of hel  
His seruauntes menyall  
He dothe reuile and bzall  
Lyke Mahound in a play  
No man dare him with say  
He hath dispight and scozne  
At them that be wel bozne  
He rebukes them and rayles  
Ye horsons, ye bastayles  
ye knaues, ye churles sonnes  
ye ribauds, not worth two plums  
ye rainbeaten beggers reaggred  
ye recrayed ruffins all ragged  
With stoupe thou haue  
Kenne thou iauel  
Thou peuissh pie pecked  
Thou losell long necked  
Thus daily they be decked  
taunted and checked  
That thei are so wo  
they wot not whether to go.

No mā dare come to the speche

Of



Of this gentel Facke byeches  
Of what estate he be  
Of spiritual dignitee  
Nor duke of hye degree  
Nor Marquis, Earle, nor Lord  
Which shrewdly doth accord

Thus he borne so base  
All noble men should out face  
His countinaunce lyke a kayser  
My Lord is not at layser  
Syz ye must tary a stound  
Tyl better layser be found  
And syz ye must dance attēdance  
And take pacient sufferance  
For my Lordes grace  
Hath now no time nor space  
To speake with you, as yet

And thus they shal syt  
Chuse them syt or flit  
Stand, walke, or ride  
And his laiser abide  
Parchaunce half a yere  
And yet neuer the nere

This

This dangerous dooſipere  
Like a kinges pere  
And within this. xxi. yere  
He wold haue ben right fayn  
To haue ben a chaplayn  
And haue taken right great pain  
With a poxe knight  
What ſo euer he hight  
The chefe of his own counſel  
They can not wel tell  
Whan they wiſth him ſhould mel  
He is ſo fierce and fel  
He rayles and he rates  
He calleth them doddypates  
He grinnes and he gapes  
As it were Jacke Apes  
Such a mad Bedlem  
For to rule this realm  
It is a wonderous caſe  
That the kinges grace  
Is toward him ſo minded  
And ſo farre blinded  
Char he can not perceiue

how

How he doth him disceyue  
I dought least by Sorcery  
Or such other loselry  
As witch craft, or charming  
For he is the kinges derling  
And his sweete hart rote  
Is gouerned by this mad koothe  
For what is a man the better  
For the kynes letter  
For he wil tere it a sunder  
Wher at much I wonder  
How such a hoddypoule  
So boldly dare controule  
And so malapertly withstand  
The kinges owne hand  
And settes not by it a mite  
He sayth the kyng doth wypte  
And wypteth he wot not what  
And yet for all that  
The king his clemency  
Despense th with his demensy

But what his grace doth thinke



I haue no pen noz ynke  
That therewith can mel  
But wel I can tel  
How fraunces Petrарke  
That much noble clerke  
Writeth how charlemaine  
Could not him self refrayne  
But was rauisht with a rage  
Of a like dotage  
But howe that came aboute  
Rede ye the story out  
And ye shal finde surely  
It was by nicromansy  
By carectes and coniuracion  
Under a certayne constellacyon  
And a certayne fumigacyon  
Under a stone on a gold rying  
Brought to Charlemain y king  
Which constrayned him forcebly  
For to loue a certaine body  
Aboue all other inordinatiye  
This is no fable noz no lie  
At Alcon it was brought to pas

As by mine auctoz tried it was  
but let mi masters mathematical  
Tel you the rest, for me they shal  
They haue the ful intelligence  
And dare vse the experiens  
In there absolute conscience  
To practise such abolete sciens  
For I abhor to smatter  
Of one so deuillyshe a matter  
But I wil make further relatiō  
Of this Hagogical collation  
How master Gaguine the crowe  
Of the feates of war (nicler  
That were done in Fraunce,  
Maketh remembraunce  
How kyng Lewes of Late  
Made bp a great estate  
Of a poze wretched man  
Wherof much care began  
Johānes Balua was his name  
Mine auctoz wyrteth the same  
Promoted was he  
To a Cardinals dignitie

By

By Lewes the kynge aforesayd  
With him so wel apayd  
That he made hi hys chaunceler  
To make all, or to mar  
And to rule as him liste  
Tyl he checked at the fist  
And agayne all reason  
Committed open treason  
And against his lord souerain  
Wherfore he suffered pain  
Was heded, drawen & quartered  
And dyed stinkingly matterd  
Loe yet for all that  
He ware a cardinals hat  
In him was small fayth  
As mine auctor sayth  
Not for that I meane  
Such a casuelty should be seene  
Or suche chaunce should fal  
Unto oure Cardinal.

Almightye God I trust  
Hathe for him discuste  
That of force he muste

C.ii.

Be



Be faythful, true and iuste  
To oure moste royal kynge  
Cheef rote of his makynge  
yet it is a wyse mouse  
That cā bylde his dwelling house  
wythin the cattles eare  
Withouten drede or feare  
It is a nice reconting  
To put al the gouernynge  
Al the rule of this land  
Into one mans hand  
One wise mans head  
May stand somwhat in steede  
But the wittes of many wyse  
Much better can deuise  
By their circumspection  
And their sad direction  
To cause the commune weale  
Longe to endure in heale  
Christ kepe king Henry the eight  
From trechery and disceight  
And graunt him grace to know  
The Faucon from the Crow  
The

The wolfe from the Lambe  
from whens that maistife came  
Let him neuer confounde  
The gentyl grephound  
Of this matter the ground  
Is easy to expound  
And sone may be perceyued  
How the world is conueyed

¶ But harke my fréd one word  
In earnest oz in bozde  
Tel me now in this stede  
Is maister Mewtas dead  
The kinges french secretary  
And his vnttrue aduersary  
For he sent in wyting  
To fraunces the french kinge  
of our masters couſel i eueri thig  
That was a perillous rekening

¶ Nay nay, he is not dead  
But he was ſo payned in y head  
that he ſhal neuer eat moze bred

C.iii.

Now

Now he is gone to a nother stede  
With a Bul vnder lead  
By way of commission  
To a straunge iurisdiction  
Called Diminges Dale  
Farre beyonde porryngale  
And hath his palporte to pas  
Ultra sauto matas  
To the deuyl sy: Sathanas  
To Pluto and sy: Belyal  
The deuyls bicare general  
And to his colledge conuentuall  
As wel calodemonial  
As to cacademonyal  
To puruey for our Cardinal  
A palace pontifical  
To kepe his court prouincial  
Upon articles iudiciall  
To contend and to strue  
For his prerogatiue  
Within that confistorie  
To make commons peremtoyre  
Before some prothonotoyre

Impe=



Imperial or papal  
Upon this matter mistical  
I haue told you part, but not all  
Here after perchaunce I shal  
Make a larger memoꝛyal  
And a further reherfall  
And moze paper I thinke to blot  
To the court why I came not  
Desiring you aboue al thing  
To kepe you from laughyng  
Whan ye fall to redyng  
Of this wanton scrowle  
And pray for Hewtas soule  
For he is wel past and gone  
That wold god euery chone  
Of his affinitie  
Were gone as wel as he  
Amen, amen, say ye  
Of your inward charitie.  
Amen.

Of your inward charitie.  
I were greate ruthe  
For wytyng of truthe

Any

Anye manne shoulde be  
In perplexitie  
Of displeasure  
For I make you sure  
Where trouth is abhord  
It is a playne recorde  
That there wantes grace  
In whose place  
Dothe occupye  
Ful bngtracioufly  
Fals flattery  
Fals trechery  
Fals bybetye  
Subtyle Sym Sly  
Wyth mad folye  
For who can best lye  
he is best set by  
Than farewell to thee  
Welthfull felicitie  
For prosperitie  
A waye than wyll flee  
Than muste we agree  
With pouertye

for miserie  
With penurye  
Miserably  
And wretchedly  
Hathe made Alkry  
And oute crye  
Folowynge the chase  
To dyue away grace  
yet sayest thou percase  
we can lacke no grace  
for my Lordes grace  
And my Ladyes grace  
With treydeule ase  
And ase in the face  
Some haute and some bace  
Some daunce the trace  
Euer in one case  
Marke me that chase  
In the Tennis play  
for linke quater trey  
Is a tal man  
he rod, but we can  
hay the gye and the gan

the



The graye goose is no Swan  
The waters ware wan  
And beggers they ban  
And they cursed dat an  
De tribu dan  
That thys worke began  
Balam, et clam  
With Balak and Balam

The golden ran  
Of flemmyng dam  
Sem, Japheth, or cam?  
But how come to pas  
Your cupboorde that was  
Is turned to glasse  
From siluer to brasse  
From golde to pewter  
Or els to a newter  
To copper, to tyn  
To leade, or Alcumyn  
A goldsmyth your Mayre  
But the chefe of your sayre  
Might stand now by potters  
And

And suche as sel trotters  
Wyth charys, portchordes  
This shrewdly accordes  
To be a cupboorde for Lordes  
By lord now and sir knyghte  
Good euen and good nyghte  
For nowe sir Tristram  
Ye muste weare buckram  
O; Canuas of Cane  
For sylkes are wane  
Our royals that shone  
Our nobles are gone  
Amonge the Burgonyons  
And Spanyardes Onyons  
And the Flanderkyngs  
Gyltweates and Cate spinnes  
They are happy that wyntnes  
But Englande maye well say  
Fye on this winnyng alway  
Now nothing, but paypay  
With laughe and laydowne  
Borough, Citie and towne  
Good Springe of Lanam  
But

Must counte what he came  
Of hys clothe makynge  
He is at such taking  
Though his purse waxe dul  
He must tax for hys woul  
By nature of a new wyte  
My Lordes grace nameth it  
A quia non satisfacit  
In the spight of his teeth  
he must pay agayne  
A thousand or twayn  
Of his gold in store  
And yet he payde before  
An hundred pound and more  
Which pincheth hym sore  
My Lordes grace wil bring  
Downe thys hys sprynge  
And bringe it so lowe  
It shal not ever flow

¶ Such a prelate I trow  
were worthy to row  
Throowe the streytes Marocke  
To



To the gybbet of Baldock  
He wold dryp by the streames  
Of .ix. Kinges realmes  
All riuers and wels  
All waters that swels  
For with vs he so mels  
That within England dwels  
I wold he were somewhere els  
For els by and by  
He wyl drynke vs so dry  
And sucke vs so ny  
That men shal scantly  
Haue penny or halpenny  
God saue hys noble grace  
And graunt him a place  
Endlesse to dwel  
With the deuil of hel  
For and he were there  
We need neuer feare  
Of the feendes blake  
For I vnder take  
He wold so brag and crake  
That he wold than make

The

The deuyls to quake  
To shudder and to shake  
Lyke a fier drake  
And with a cole rake  
Use them on a drake  
And binde them to a stake  
And set hel on fyre  
At his owne desire  
He is such a grym syze  
And such a potestolate  
And such a potestate  
That he wold breke the braynes  
Of Lucifer in his chaines  
And rule them eche one  
In Lucifers trone  
I would he were gone  
For amenge vs is none  
That ruleth, but he alone  
With oute all good reason  
And all oute of season  
For folam Deason  
With him be not geson  
They grow very ranke

Upon

Upon euery banke  
Of his herbers greene  
With my lady bright and sheene  
On their game it is seen  
They play not al cleen  
And it be as I weene

¶ But as touching distraction  
With sober direction  
He kepeth them in subiection  
They can haue no protection  
To rule nor to guide  
But all must be tryde  
And abide the correction  
Of him wilful affection  
For as for wytte  
The deuil speed whitte  
But brain sicke and braynlesse  
Wytles and reachlesse  
Careles and shamelesse  
Chyftles and gracelesse  
Together are bended  
And so condisended

that



That the commune welth  
Shal neuer haue good helth  
But tatterd and tugged  
Ragged, and rugged  
Shauen and shorne  
And all threde bare worne  
Such gredines  
Such nedines  
Miserablenes  
With wretchednes  
Hath brought in distress  
And much heavines  
And great dolour  
England the flour  
Of relucen honour  
In old commemoracion  
Most royal English nation  
Now all is out of facion  
Almoste in desolation  
I speake by protestacion  
God of his miseration  
Send better refozmacion  
Lo, for to do shamefully

He

He iudgeth it no folý  
But to wyte of his shame  
He saythe we are to blame  
What a frensi is this  
No shame to do amys  
And yethe is a shamed  
To be shamefully named  
And oft prechours beblamed  
Bycause they haue proclaimed  
His madness by wyting  
His simplenes resiting  
Remorðing and biting  
With chiding and with siting  
Shewyng him goddes lawes  
He calleth the preachers dawes.

¶ And of holy scriptures lawes  
He counteth them for gigawes  
And putteth them to scilence  
And with wordes of violence  
Like Pharao, void of grace  
Did Moyses soe manase  
And Aron soe he thret

D.i.

The

The word of God to let  
His maumet in likewise  
Agaynst the church doth rise  
The preachoure he dothe dispise  
With creaking in such wise  
So bragging all with boist  
That no preachour almost  
Dare speake for hys life  
Of mi lordes grace, no: his wife  
For he hath such a bul  
He may take whome he woul  
And as many as him likes  
Shall eat pigges in lent for pikes  
After the sectes of heretikes  
For in lent he wylle ate  
Al maner of fleshe meate  
That he can any where geat  
With other abusions great  
Wherof to trete  
It wold make the deuill to sterte  
For all exulted places  
He brekes and defaces  
All places of religion



He hath them in derision  
And maketh such prouision  
To driue them at diuision  
And finally inconclufion  
To bring them to confufion  
Saynt Albons to recorde  
Wherof thys vngacious Lord  
Hathe made him self abbot  
Against their willes god wot  
Al this he dothe deale  
Under strength of the great seal  
And by his legacy  
Whiche madly he doth applye  
Vnto an extrauagancye  
Pyked out of all good laie  
With reasons that be new  
yet whan he toke first his hat  
he sayd he knew what was what  
Al iustice he pretended  
Al thinges should be amended  
Al wronges he wold redresse  
Al iniuries he wold repies  
Al perjuries he wold oppresse

And yet this gracelesse  
He is periured him selfe  
As playnlye it dothe appere  
Wholist to enquire  
In the registry  
Of my Lord of Cantorbury  
To whome he was professed  
In thre pointes expressed

The first to do him reuerence  
The secōd to owe him obedience  
The third with whole affection  
To be vnder his subiection  
But now he maketh obiection  
Under the protection  
Of the kinges great seale  
That he setteth neuer a deale  
By his former othe  
Whether god be pleased or wroth  
He maketh so proud pretence  
That in his equipolens  
He iudgeth him equivalent  
With God omnipotent  
But yet beware the rod

And

And the stroke of God  
The Apostel Peter  
Had a pore miter  
And a pore cope  
Whan he was create Pope  
Fyrst in Antioche  
He did neuer appoche  
Of Rome to the see  
Wyth such dignitie

Saint dunstan what was he  
Nothng he saeth like to me  
There is a diuersitie  
Betwene him and me  
We passe hym in degre  
As legatus a latere

Ecce sacerdos magnus  
That wyll hed vs and hange vs  
And straightly strangle vs  
That he ma ye fang vs  
Decree and decretal  
Constitution prouinciall  
Noz no lawe canonically  
Shallet the preeft pontifical

to



To sit in cana sanguinis  
Now god amende that is amis  
For I suppose that he is  
Of Jeremy the whif king rod  
The flayle, the scourge  
Of almighty God

This Raman Sirus

So fel and so irous  
So ful of melancoly  
With a flap before his eye  
Men wene that he is pocky  
Or els his surgions the ylye  
For as far as they can spy  
By the craft of surgery  
It is manus domini  
And yet this proud Antiochus  
He is so ambitious  
So elate, and so bicious  
And so cruel harted  
that he wyl not be conuerted  
For he setteth God a parte  
He is now so ouerthwart  
And so payned with panges

that

That al his trust hanges  
In Balthasor, which healed  
Domigos nose, that was wheled  
That Lumberdes nose mean I  
That standeth yet a wo  
It was not healed alder best  
It stādeth somwhat on the west  
I meane Domingo Lomelyn  
That was wonte to win  
Muche mony of the king  
At the cardes and haferding  
Balthasor he healed Domigos nose  
From the puskilde pocky nose  
now with his gummes of araby  
hath promised to hele our cardinals  
yet lūlurgios put a dout (zie  
Lest he wil put it clean out  
He make hi lame of his neder limg  
god led hym forto for his lines  
Sum mē might aske a question  
By whose suggestion  
I toke on hand this warke  
Thus boldly for to barke

And

And men liſte to harke  
And my wordes marke  
I wyl anſwere like a clerke  
For truly and vnſayned  
I am forcibly constrained  
At Iuinals request  
To wyght of this glorious geſt  
Of this baine glorious beaſt  
His fame to be encreaſt  
At euery ſolempne feaſt  
Quia difficile eſt

Satiram non ſcribere?  
Now maſter doctour, how ſay ye  
What ſo euer your name be  
What though ye be nameleſſe  
ye ſhal not eſcape blameleſſe  
Nor yet ſhal ſcape ſhameleſſe

Maſter doctoꝝ in your degre  
your ſelf madly ye ouer ſee  
Blame Iuinal & blame not me

Maſter doctoꝝ diricum  
Omne, animi viciu. &c.  
As Iuinal doth recoꝝd



A small defaute in a great Lord  
A lytle cryme in a greate estate  
Is muche more inordinate  
And more horrible to beholde  
Than ani other a thousand fold  
ye put to blame ye wot nere whō  
ye may weare a cokes coome  
your fōd hed in your furred hood  
Hold ye your touge ye cā no good  
And at more conuenient tyme  
I may fortune for to rime  
Somewhat of your madnesse  
For small is your sadnesse  
To put any man in lacke  
And say yll behinde hys backe  
And my wordes marke trulye  
That ye cannot bide thereby  
For *Σmigma nō est sinamomū*  
But *de absentibus nil nisi bonū*  
Complaine or do what ye will  
Of your cōplaint it shal not shid  
This is the tenor of my bil  
A daucocke ye be, & so shalbe still  
*Sequitur*

**Sequitur epitoma  
de morbilloso Thema  
Nec non obsceno  
de poliphemo. &c.**

**P**orro perbelle dissimulatur  
Illū pādulo hū tatum legatū  
Tam formidatū nuper prelaturū  
Sed. Namā sicū nunc elongatū  
In solitudine iam commoraturū  
Neapolitano morbo grauatū  
Malagmate, cataplasmati statū  
Pharma copoli ferro foraturū  
Nihilō magis alleuiaturū  
Nihilō melius aut medicaturū  
Relictis famulis ab famulaturū  
Quo tollatur infamia  
Sed maior patet insania  
A modo ergo Ganea  
Abhorreat ille Ganeus  
Dominus male Cretecus  
Aptius Dictus, Tetricus  
Phanaticus freneticus

**Graphi-**

Graphicus sicut Metricus  
Autumat.

**H**oc genus dictaminis  
Non egit examinis  
In cetero quo nec cetero  
Honorati  
Grammatici  
Mauri.

Decasticon bifulentum in ga  
leratum, Licaonta marinum. se  
Proph doloꝝ, ecce maris lupus  
et nequissimus, vsus  
Carnificis vitulus Britonūque  
dubulcus iniquus  
Conflatus, vitulus, vel Oreb  
vel Salmana, vel zeb.  
Gardus, et crudelis Asaph  
que Datan reprobatus  
Blandus et Achitophel, regis  
scelus omne Britānum  
Ecclesias, qui namque Thomas  
confundit ubique  
Non sacer iste, Thomas

sed



sed duro corde, **M**oleas  
Quem gestat **M**ulus  
sathane caret (obsecro) culus  
fundens **A**spaltum (precoz)  
hunc versum lege cautum  
**A**sperius nichil est misero  
**M**aum surget in altum.

**A**postropha an londini ciues  
(citato mulum asino aureo gale-  
rato) in occursum aguile. &c.

**E**st ate u asinus multum  
(mirabile, visu

**C**alcibus **O** vestro ciues  
occurrite **A**sello

**Q**ui regnum regemque regit  
qui vestra gubernat

**P**redia diuitias, numinos  
galas spoliando.

**D**ixit alludens, immo illudēs  
podo rā de asino aureo galerato.

xxxiii.

**H**ec batis ille, de quo loquuntur  
mille.

**F**inis.

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